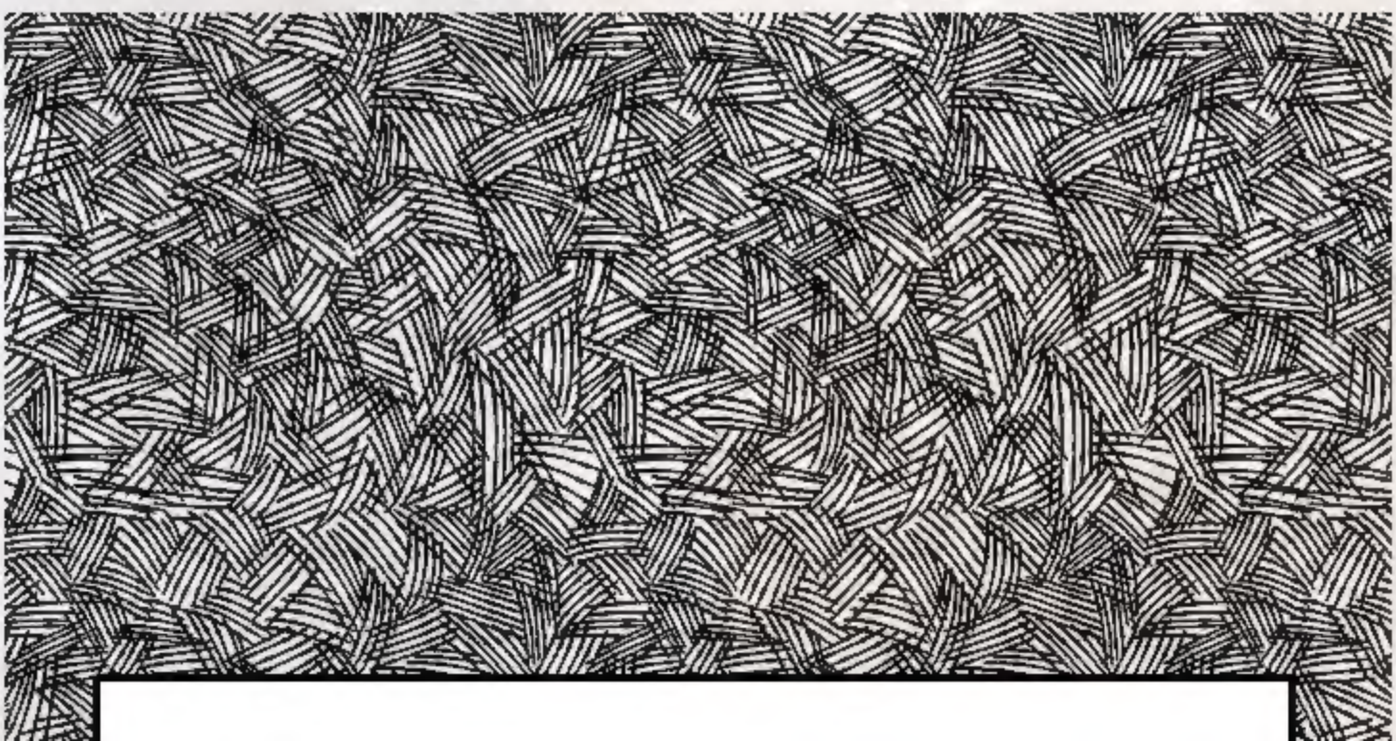
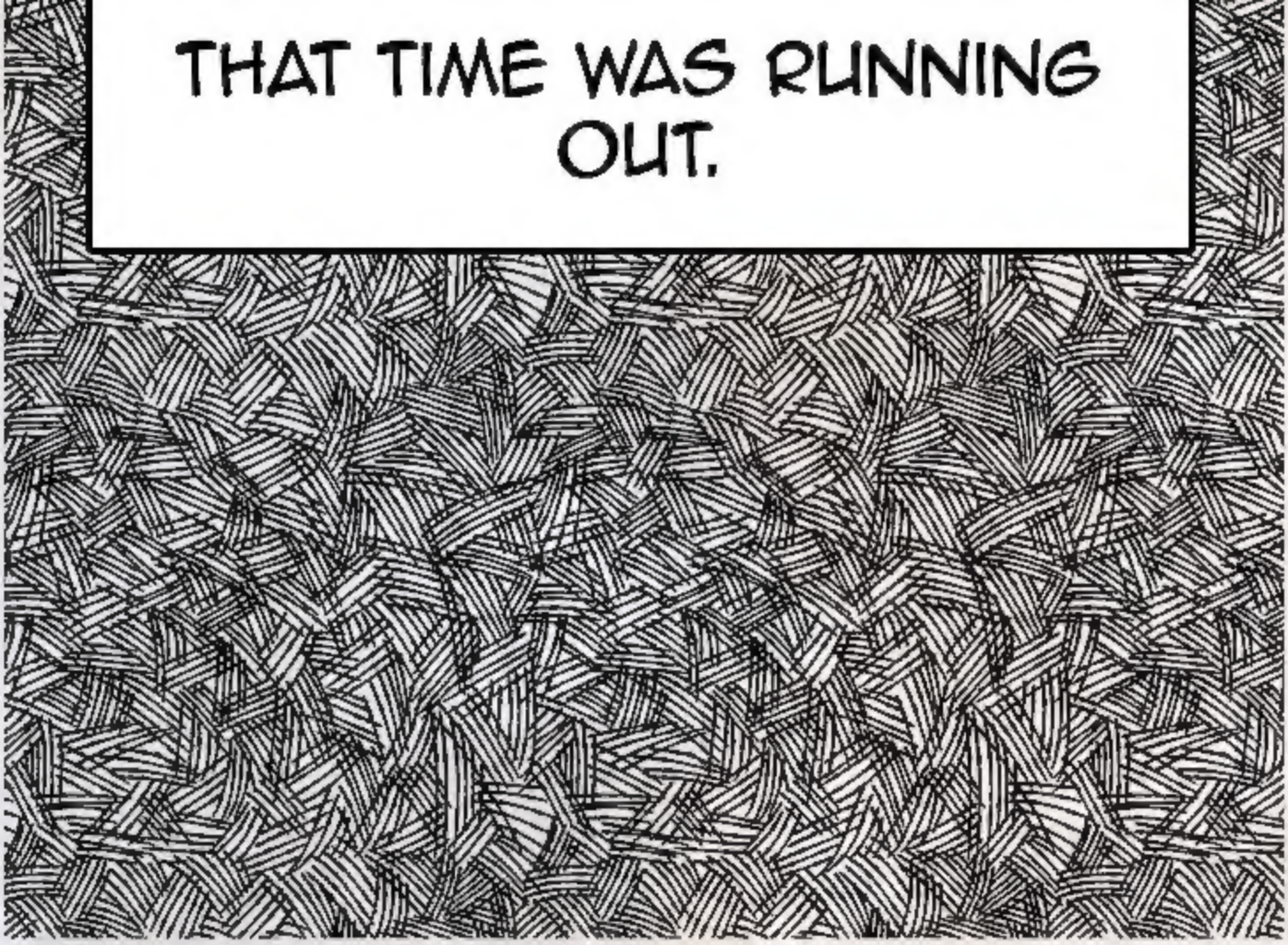
AFTER THE INCIDENT AT THE LIBRARY, ALL THREE OF US CAME TO THE SAME REALIZATION...




THAT TIME WAS RUNNING OUT.

ANSWERS

# one

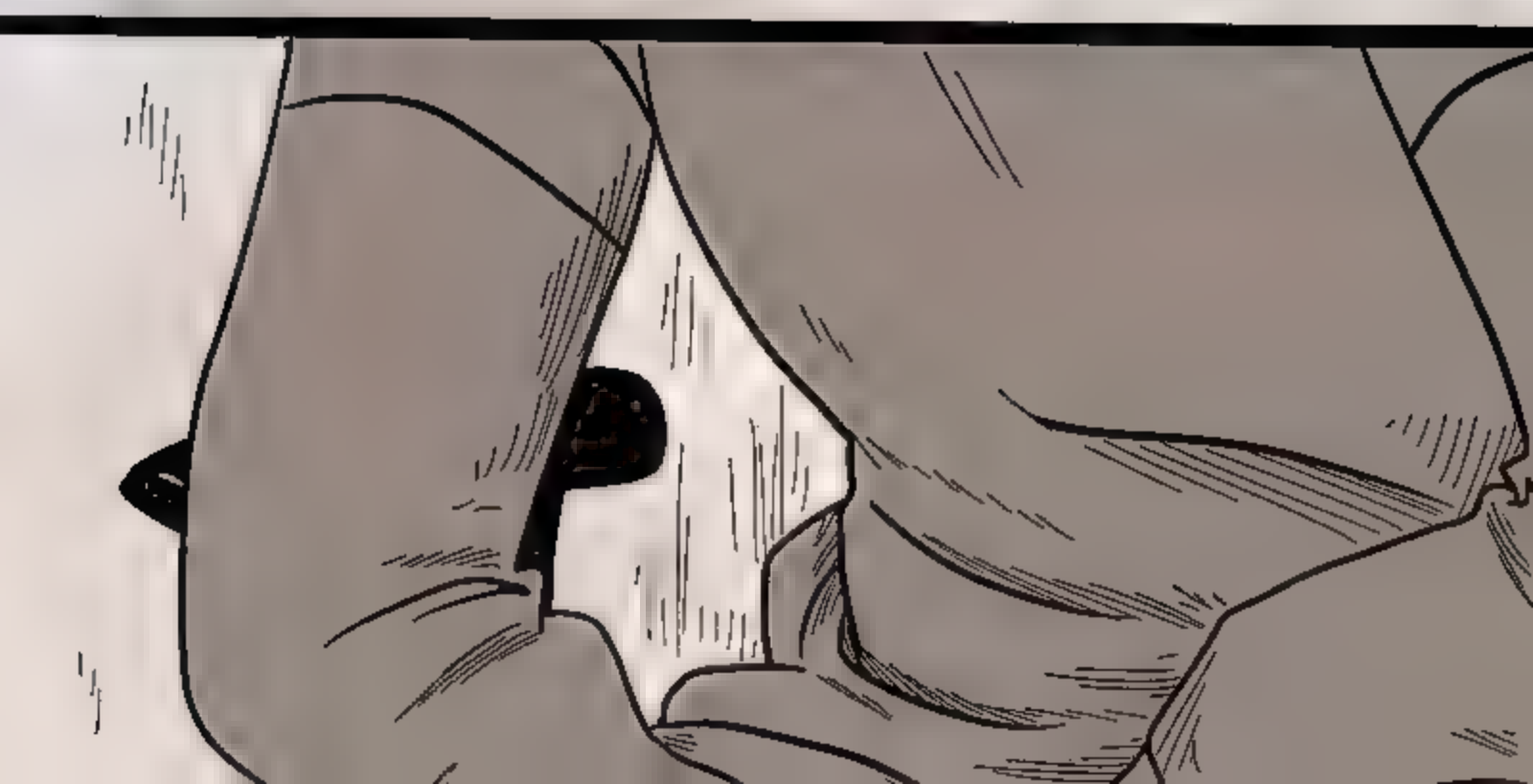
WE FIXED FELIX'S NECK UP, TO START.

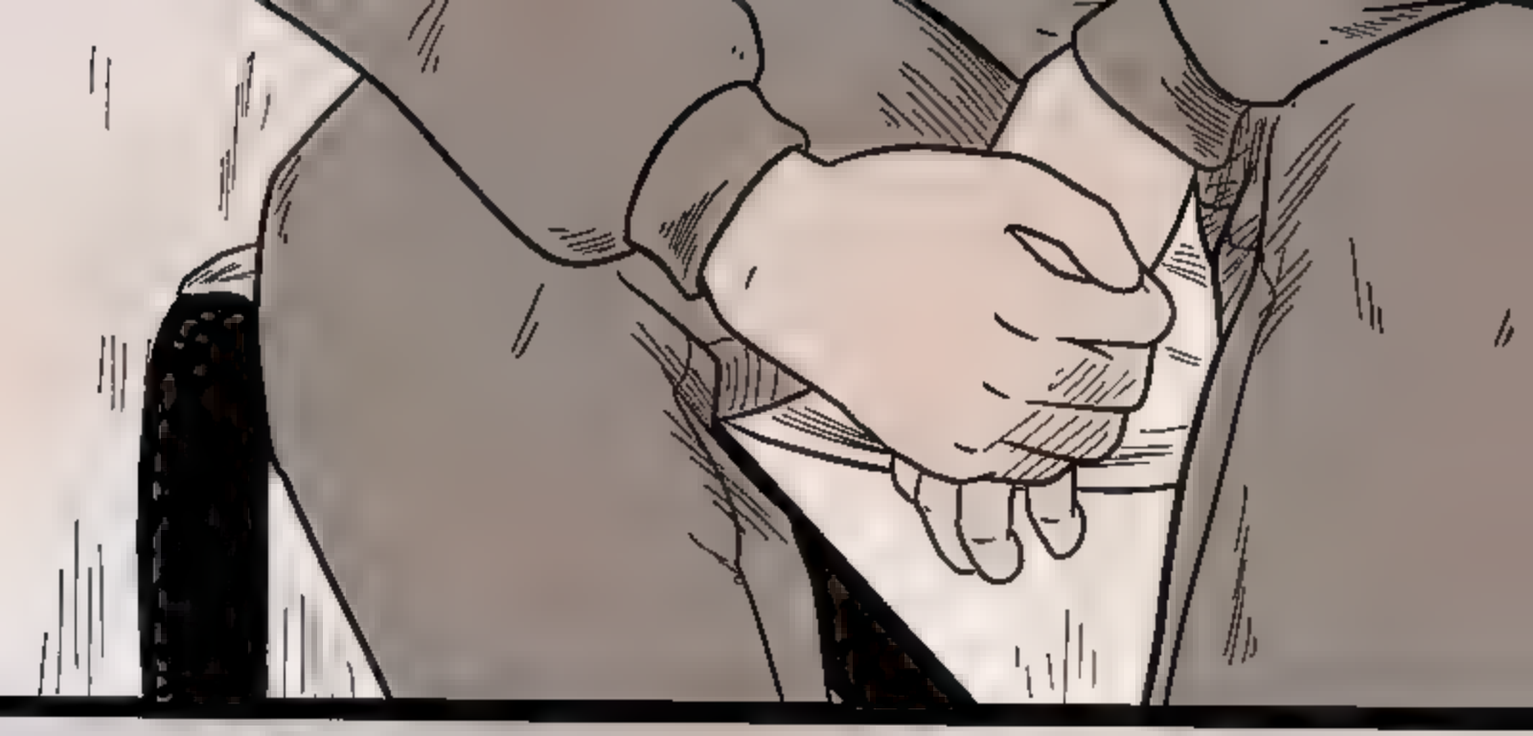
HE'D BURNED HIMSELF PRETTY BADLY, BUT NOT ENOUGH THAT WE'D HAVE TO CONSIDER RISKING A HOSPITAL TRIP.

I'D COVERED MY OWN NECK UP.

NOT BECAUSE IT NEEDED IT, BUT...

WELL...





IT MADE HIM FEEL BETTER IF HE DIDN'T HAVE TO SEE IT.

WE WERE ALL PRETTY HIGH-STRUNG AFTER THAT, AND THE LAST THING WE NEEDED WAS ANOTHER DISTRACTION.

AT ANY RATE, ALOE VERA IS SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD FOR BURNS.

LUCKILY, WE HAD SOME.

ALL WE COULD TALK ABOUT WAS THAT CRYPTIC EMAIL THAT JEREMY MANAGED

TO RETRIEVE.

IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MAKE ANY SENSE...
...AT LEAST IN THE CONTEXT OF ANYTHING WE'VE

LEARNED
SO FAR.

WELL...
MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING WE NEED TO HANG ONTO FOR LATER?

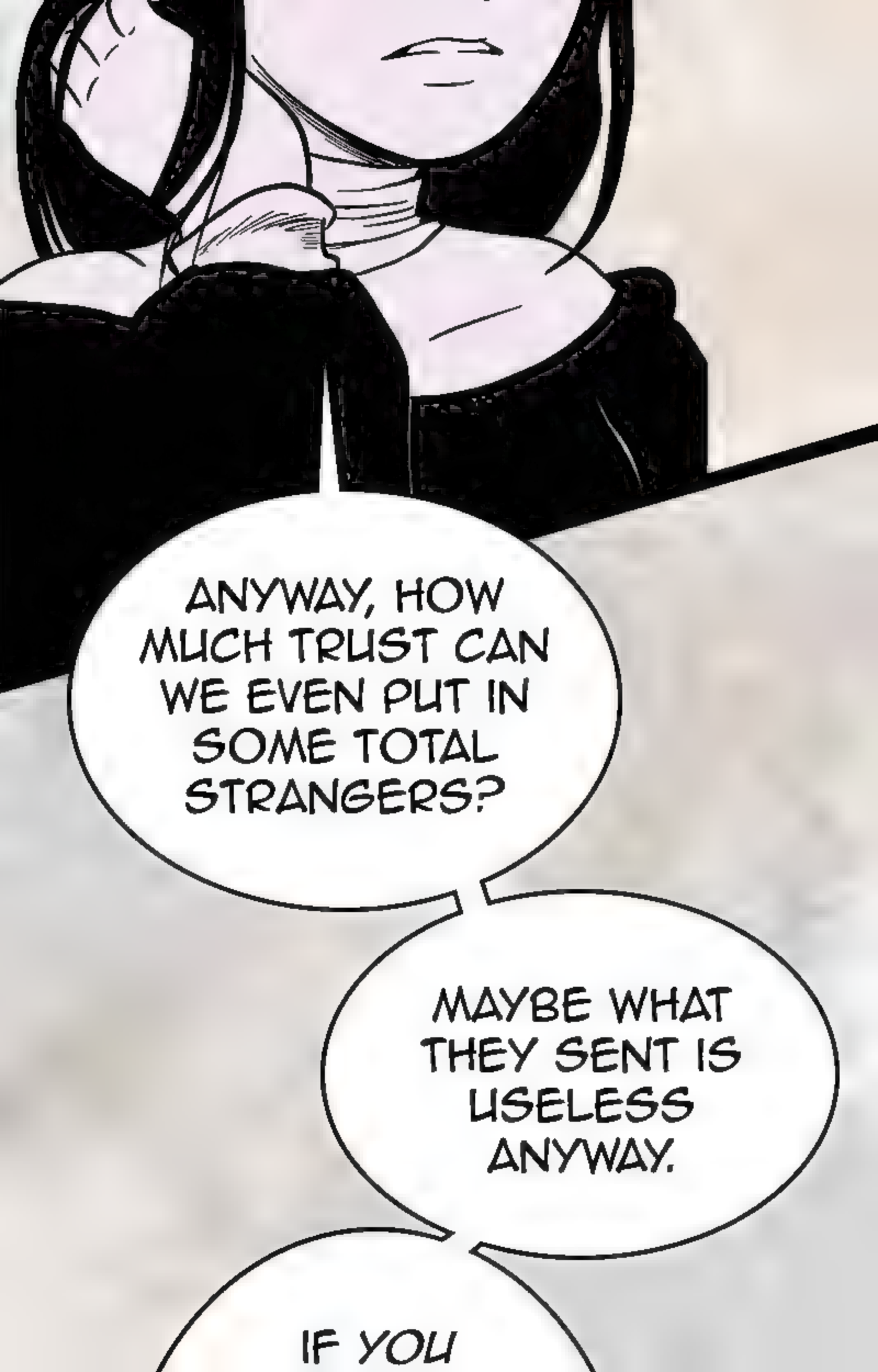
I DON'T KNOW.

I *WISH* I COULD HAVE MEMORIZED THE WHOLE THING.

WE ONLY GOT A FEW BITS OF IT.

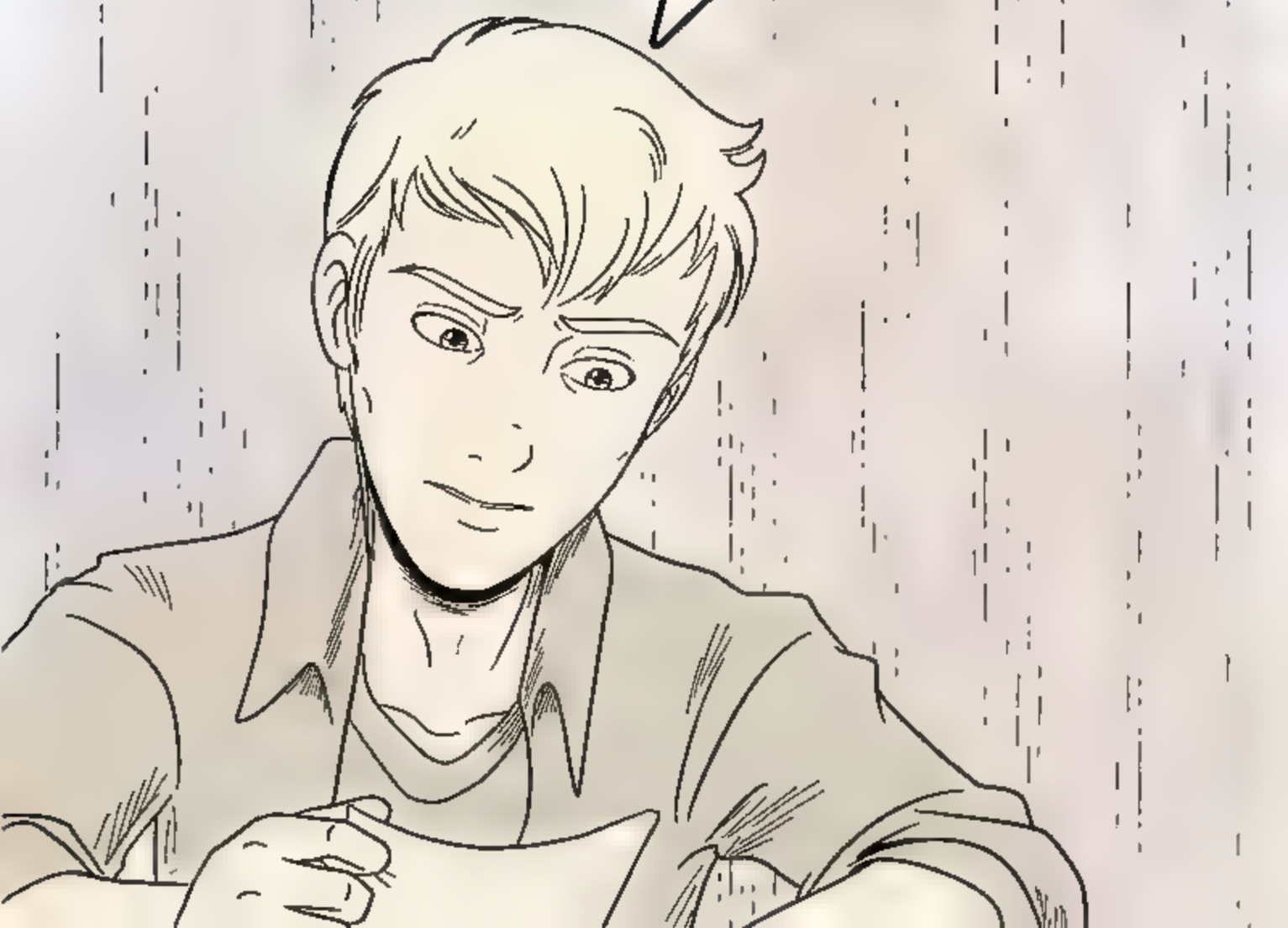
IF WE COULD TRUST ANY ELECTRONICS, I WOULD HAVE TAKEN A PICTURE OR SOMETHING.

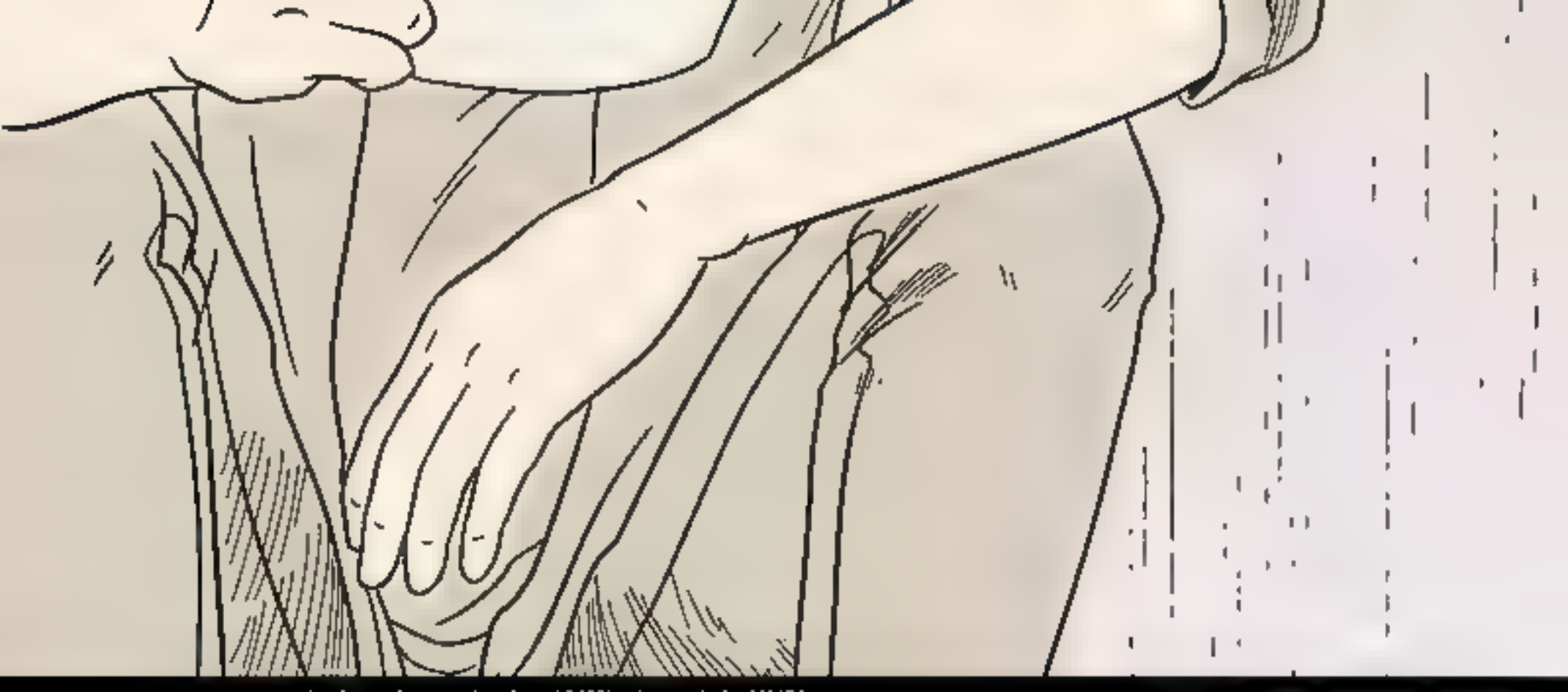
I KNOW,
I KNOW IT.
BUT IT CAN'T BE
HELPED NOW.


ANYWAY, HOW MUCH TRUST CAN WE EVEN PUT IN SOME TOTAL STRANGERS?
MAYBE WHAT THEY SENT IS USELESS ANYWAY.
IF YOU

COULDN'T FIGURE OUT NOVA'S NOTES, HOW COULD SOME INTERNET THEORISTS DO BETTER?

I GUESS.

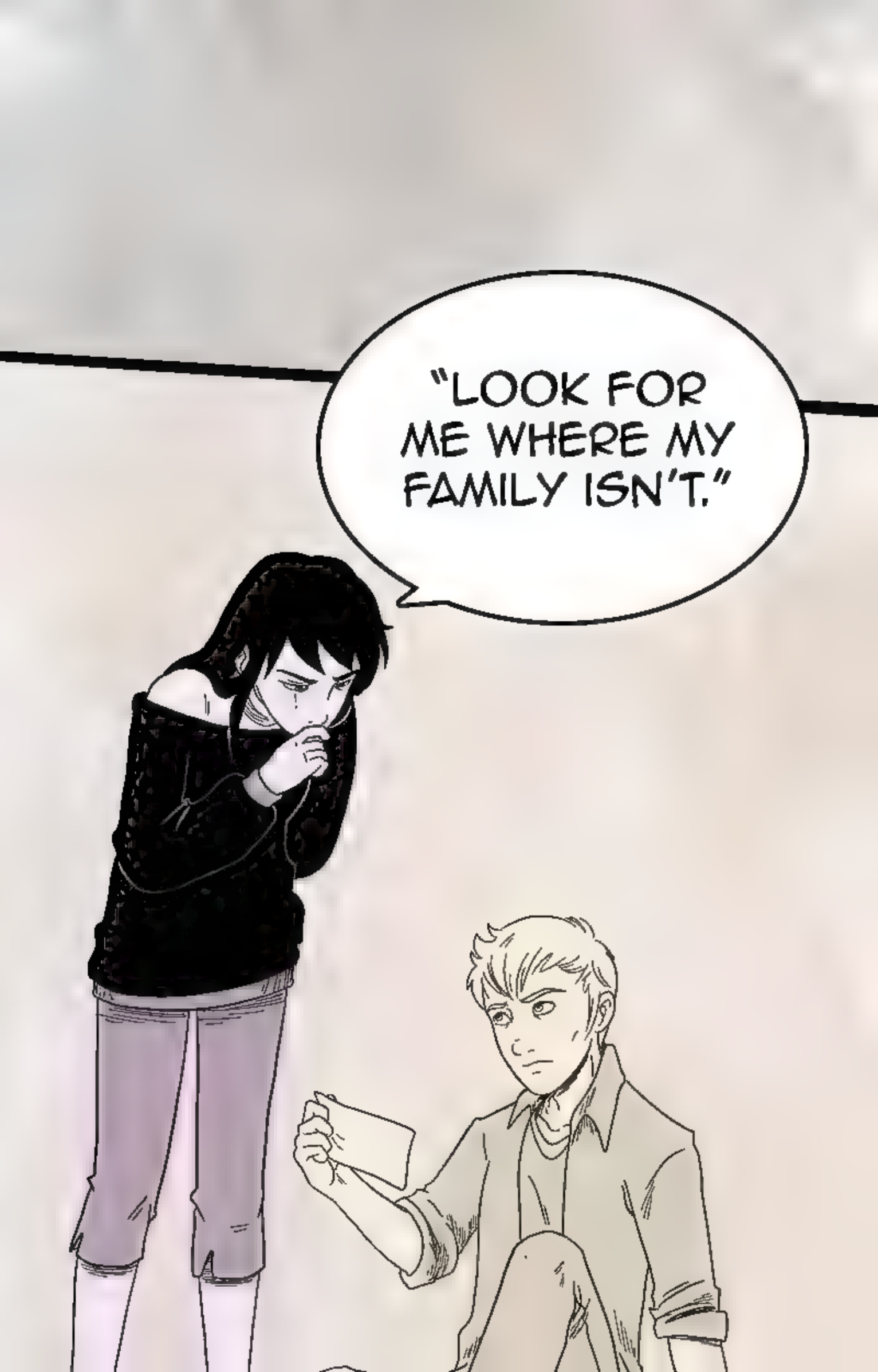




BUT I REALLY HOPED THEY'D BE ABLE TO SEE SOMETHING I MISSED.
WHAT THEY SENT BACK IS...

SOME NUMBERS, SOME RANDOM X'S IN A ROW...

AND THIS PHRASE.


"LOOK FOR ME WHERE MY FAMILY ISN'T."

MAKES NO SENSE TO ME. NOT RIGHT NOW, ANYWAY.

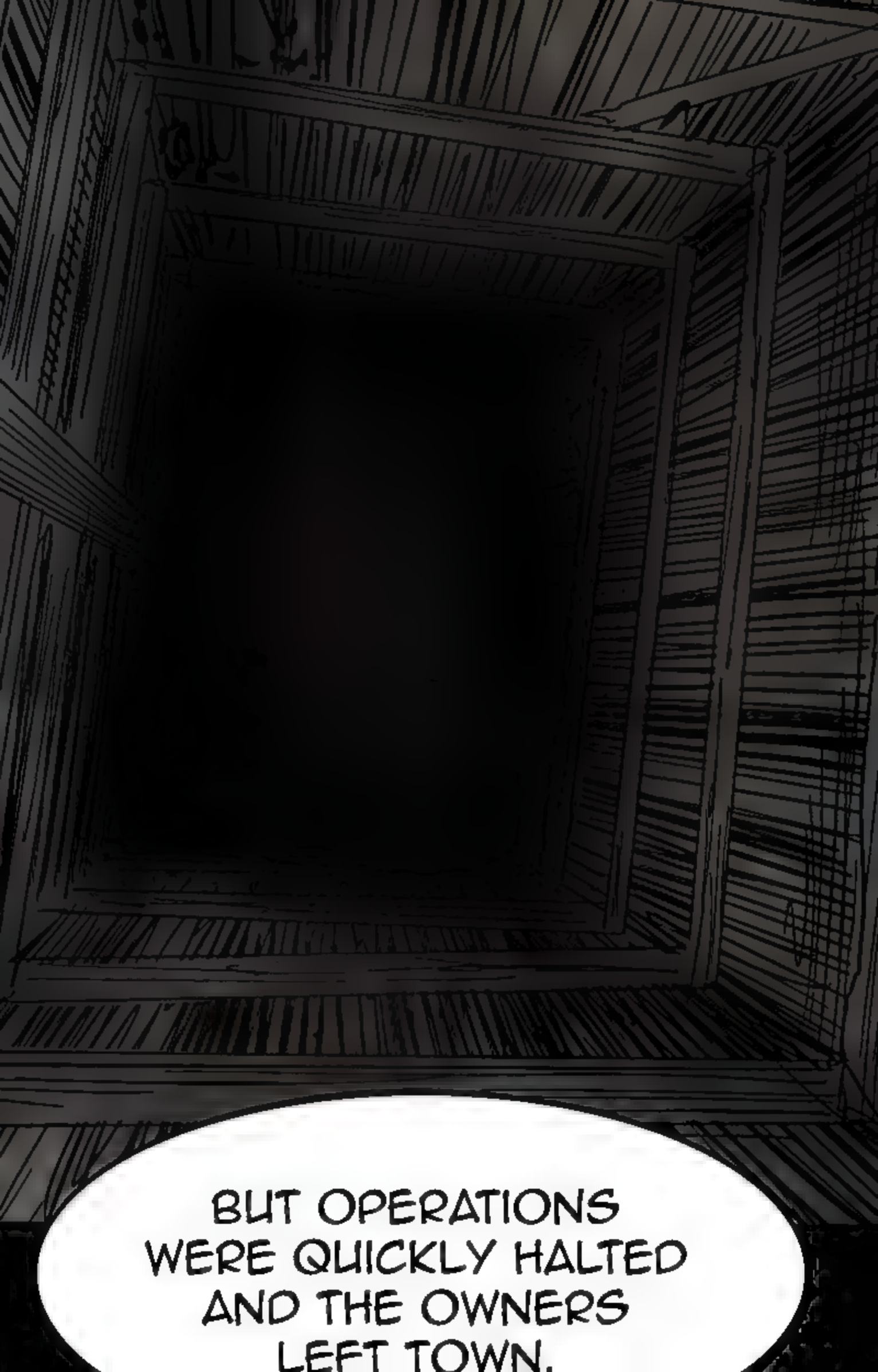
HEY J, DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU FINALLY GOT

SOMETHING ON
THOSE MINES?

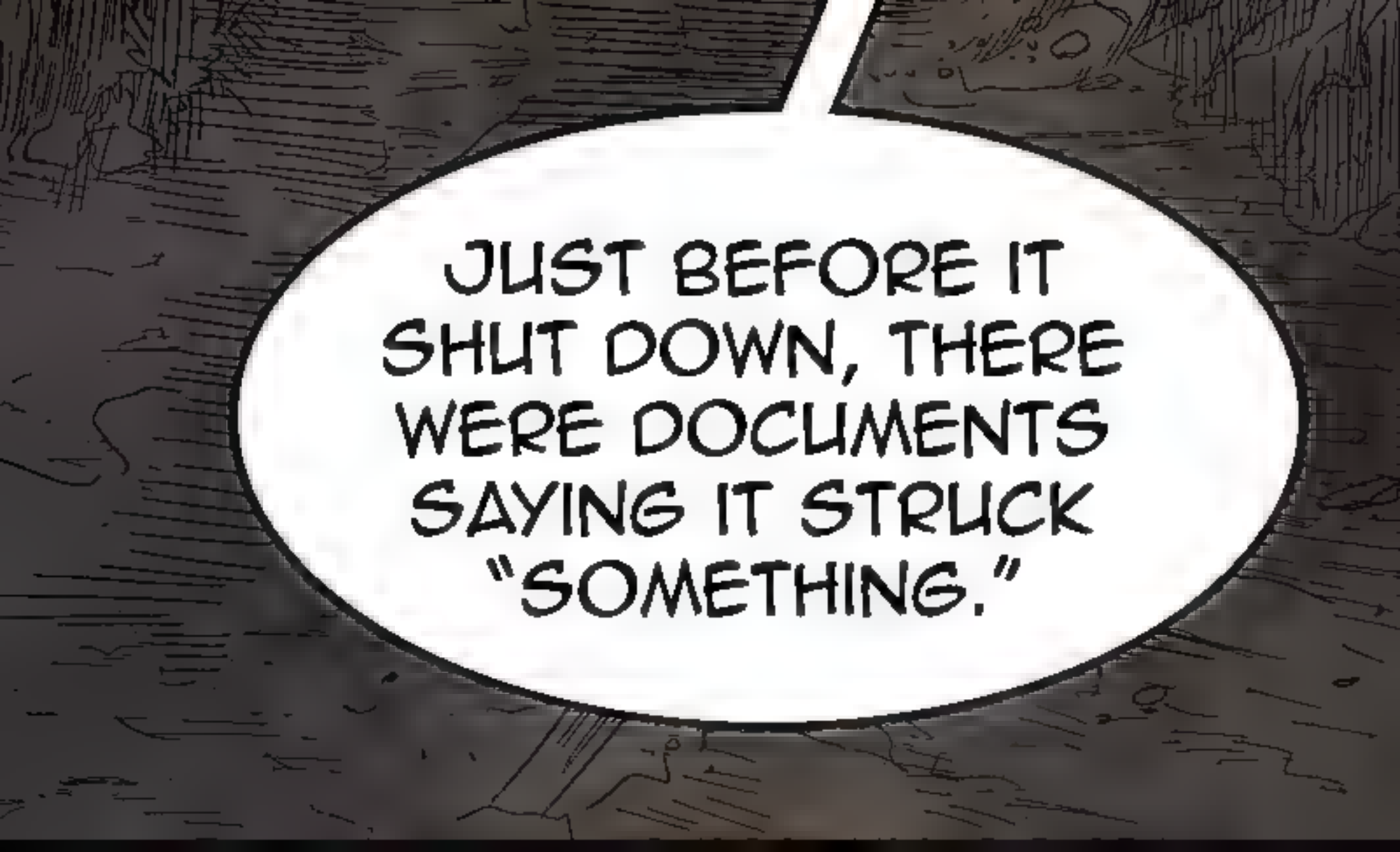
OH YEAH,
THAT.

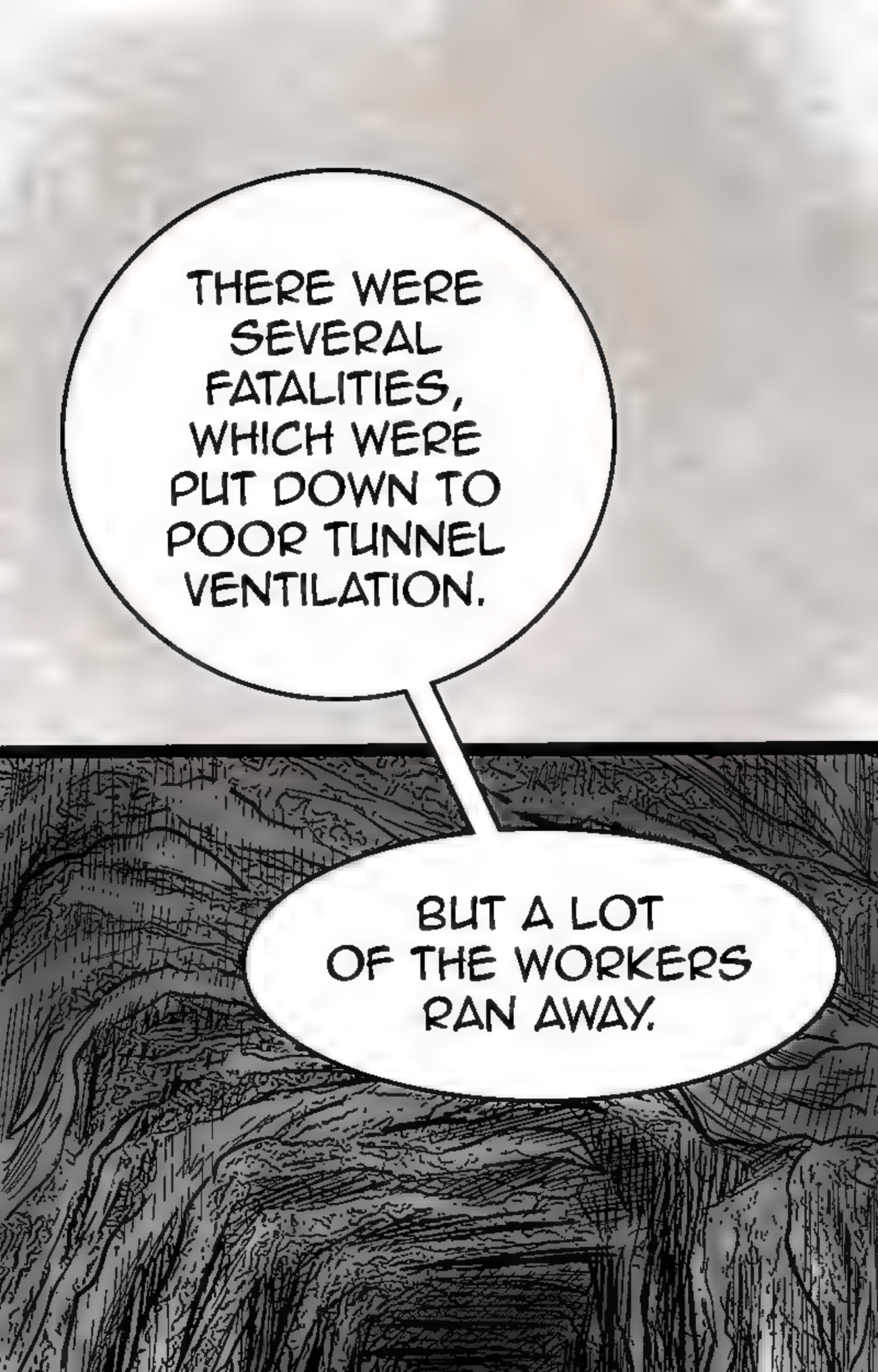
OK, SO I GOT A DEFINITE LEAD ON THEM.

HARTWELL IRON COMPANY WAS AN IRON ORE VENTURE THAT STARTED UP SOMETIME IN THE EARLY 19TH CENTURY.


BUT OPERATIONS
WERE QUICKLY HALTED
AND THE OWNERS
LEFT TOWN.

WHAT?
WHY?
DUNNO.

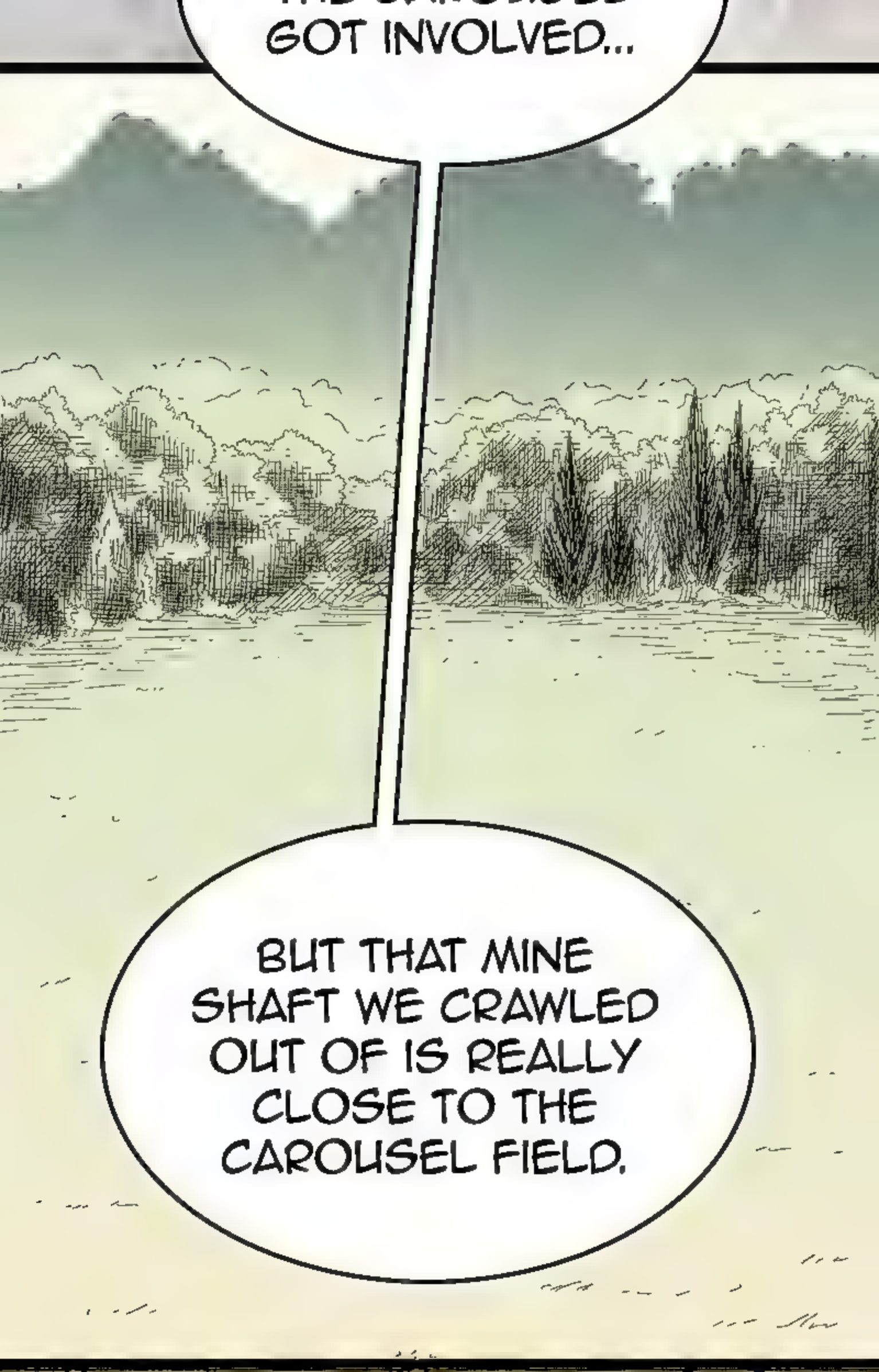

JUST BEFORE IT SHUT DOWN, THERE WERE DOCUMENTS SAYING IT STRUCK "SOMETHING."

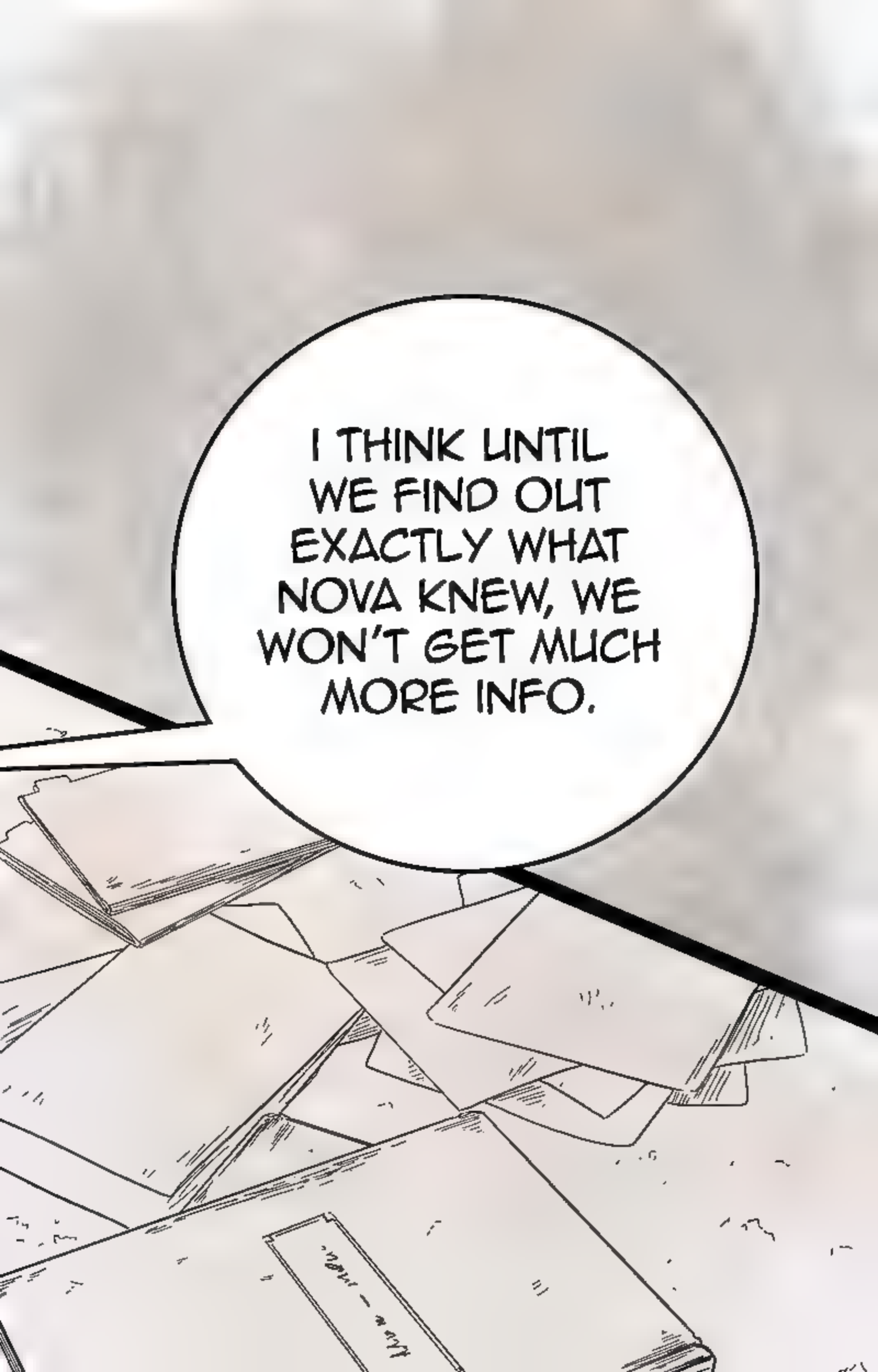

THERE WERE SEVERAL FATALITIES, WHICH WERE PUT DOWN TO POOR TUNNEL VENTILATION.
BUT A LOT OF THE WORKERS RAN AWAY.

WHATEVER WAS LEFT BEHIND EVENTUALLY GOT LOOTED.

SO...
SOMETHING WAS DUG UP FROM DEEP IN THE MINES.
SOMETHING THAT SCARED ALL THE WORKERS OFF.

MAYBE THAT'S WHAT STARTED ALL THIS?
NOT SURE HOW THE CAROUSEL


GOT INVOLVED...
BUT THAT MINE SHAFT WE CRAWLED OUT OF IS REALLY CLOSE TO THE CAROUSEL FIELD.


I THINK UNTIL WE FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT NOVA KNEW, WE WON'T GET MUCH MORE INFO.

BUT WE CAN'T GO BACK TO THE LIBRARY...
AT LEAST, I DON'T BELIEVE WE CAN.

I'M GROUNDING THE FIRST PERSON WHO EVEN *THINKS* ABOUT IT.

EAT YOUR LUNCH, FELIX.
IT'S TIME TO STOP GRASPING AT WHATEVER CLUES WE SEE, WHEN WE SEE THEM.

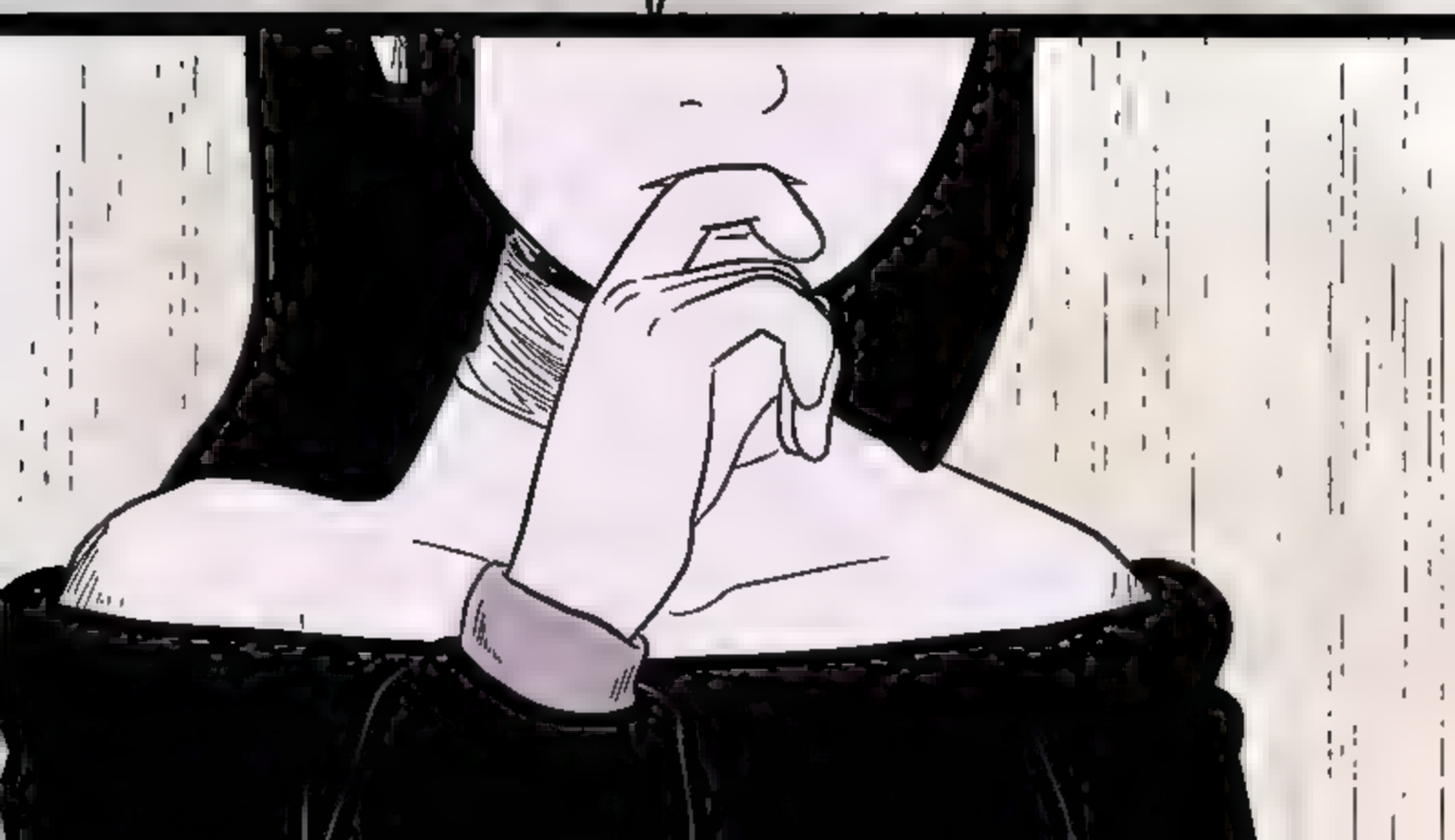
WE NEED TO THINK THIS THROUGH.

THAT THING THAT ATTACKED US...
IT DIDN'T WANT TO KILL US. OR AT LEAST, NOT *ALL* OF US.
WHY CONTROL FELIX AT ALL, IF NOT TO GET RID OF US?

IF THE GOAL WAS TO JUST LOWER MORALE OR MAKE US GIVE UP, IT DIDN'T

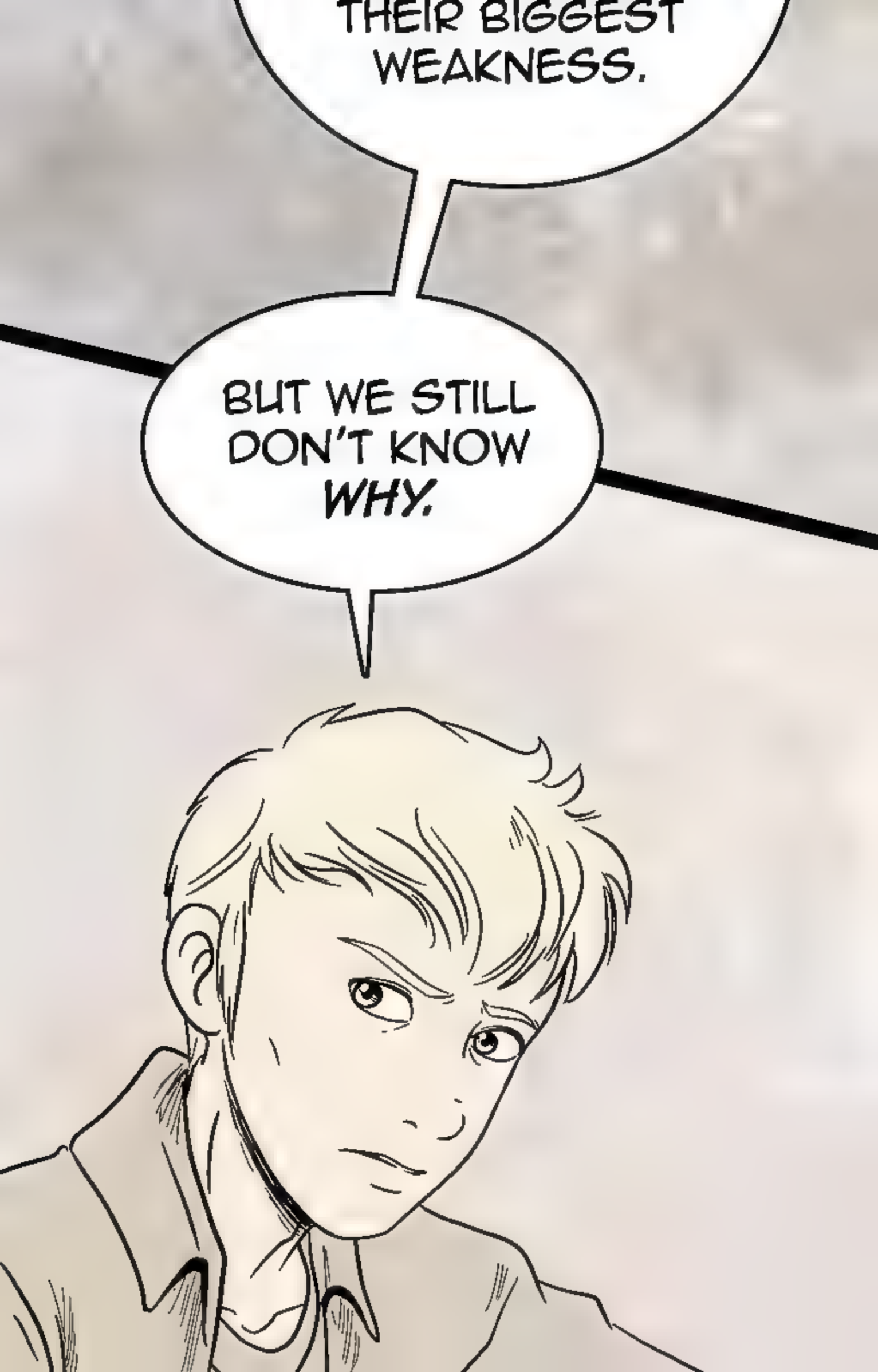
DIDN'T WORK.

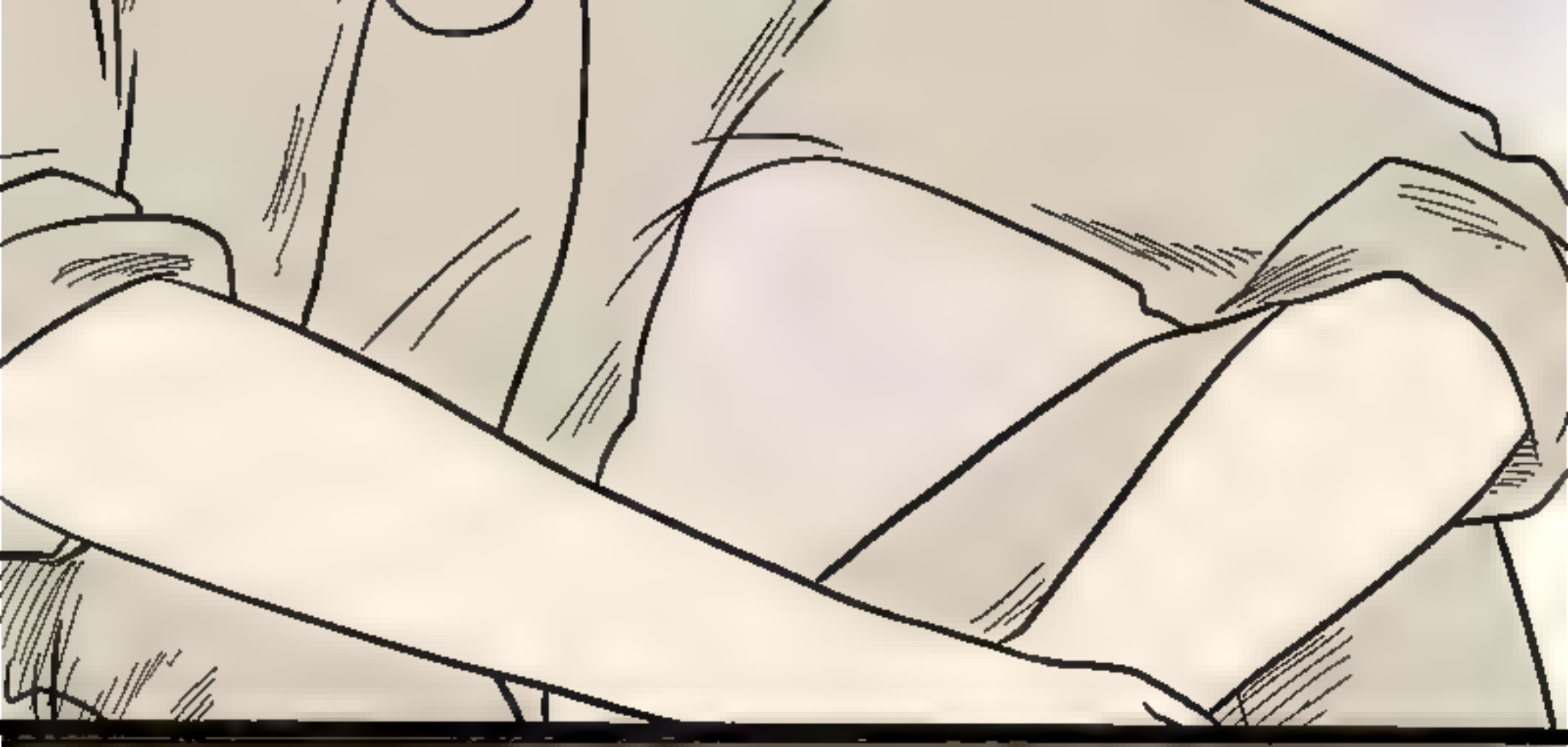
INSTEAD, IT SEEMS LIKE IT WANTS TO DRIVE A WEDGE BETWEEN ALL OF US.



MAYBE THAT'S THE STRATEGY.

DIVIDE AND CONQUER? ISOLATE PEOPLE AND THEN FIND


THEIR BIGGEST WEAKNESS.
BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW *WHY.*



I DON'T THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT ITS MOTIVE.
NOT YET.

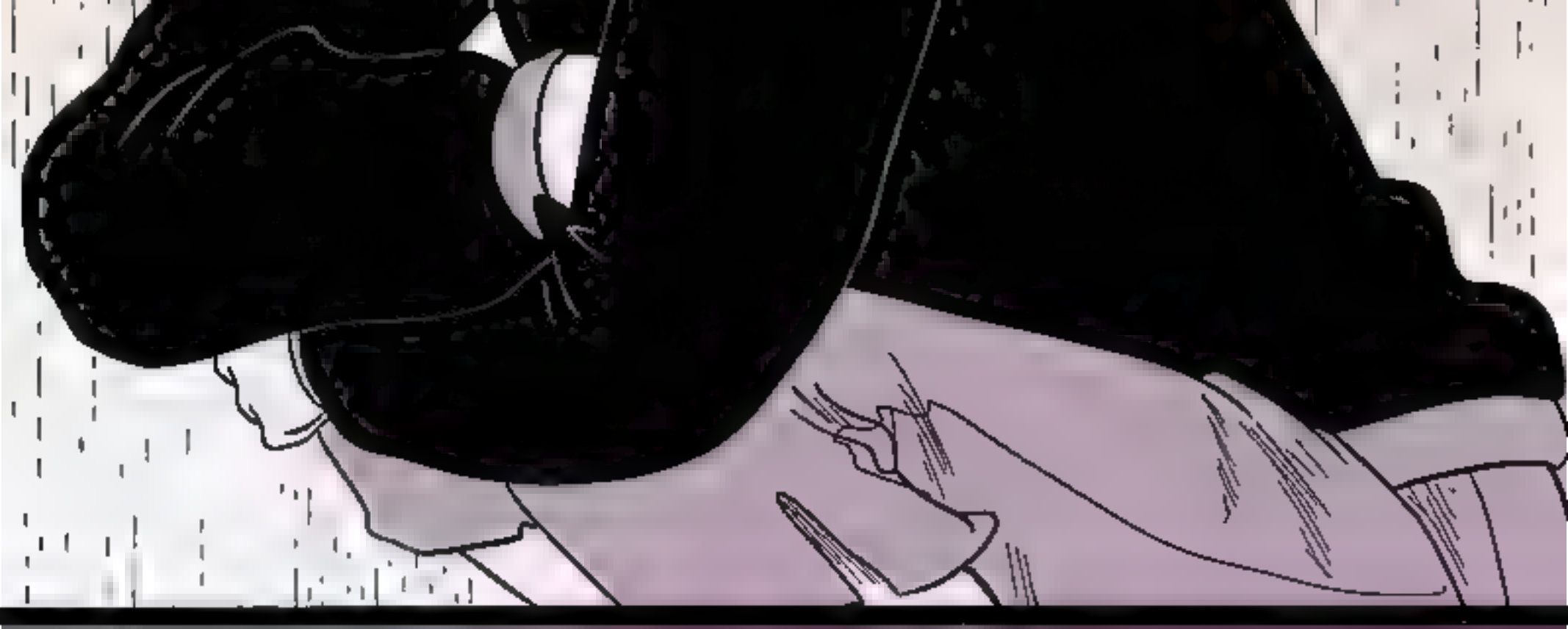
WE NEED NOVA.
FRANKIE, I CAN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF THEM.

"NOVA" ISN'T EVEN A NAME WE CAN LOOK FOR, IT'S JUST A WORD I READ OFF THE BOX OF NOTES!
I KNOW.

WE'VE PRETTY MUCH EXHAUSTED EVERY OTHER OPTION.

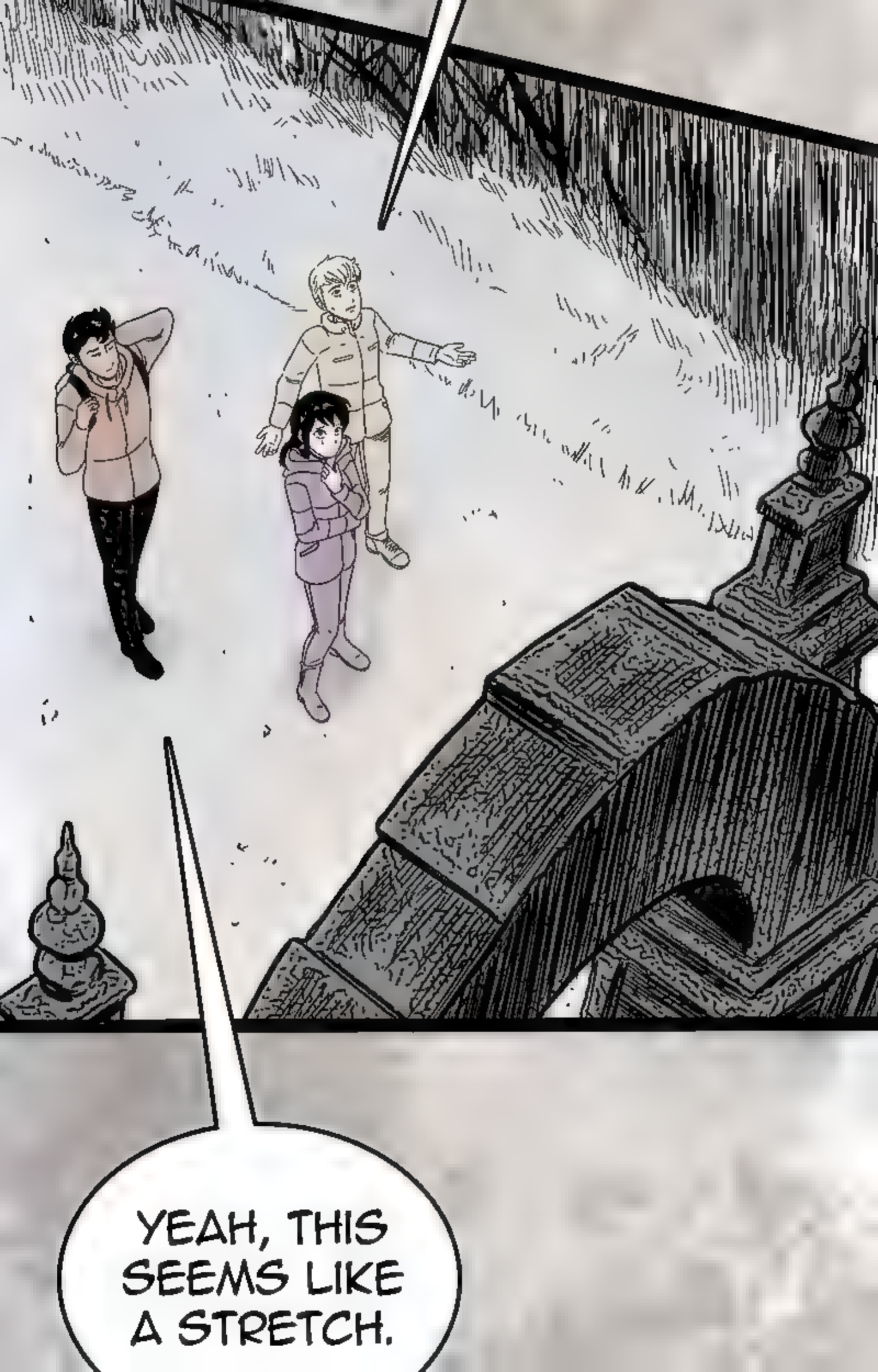
SO WE HAVE TO ASSUME NOVA IS DEAD, OTHERWISE THAT IMPORTANT BOX OF INFO WOULDN'T BE SITTING AROUND IN THE LIBRARY, UNGUARDED.

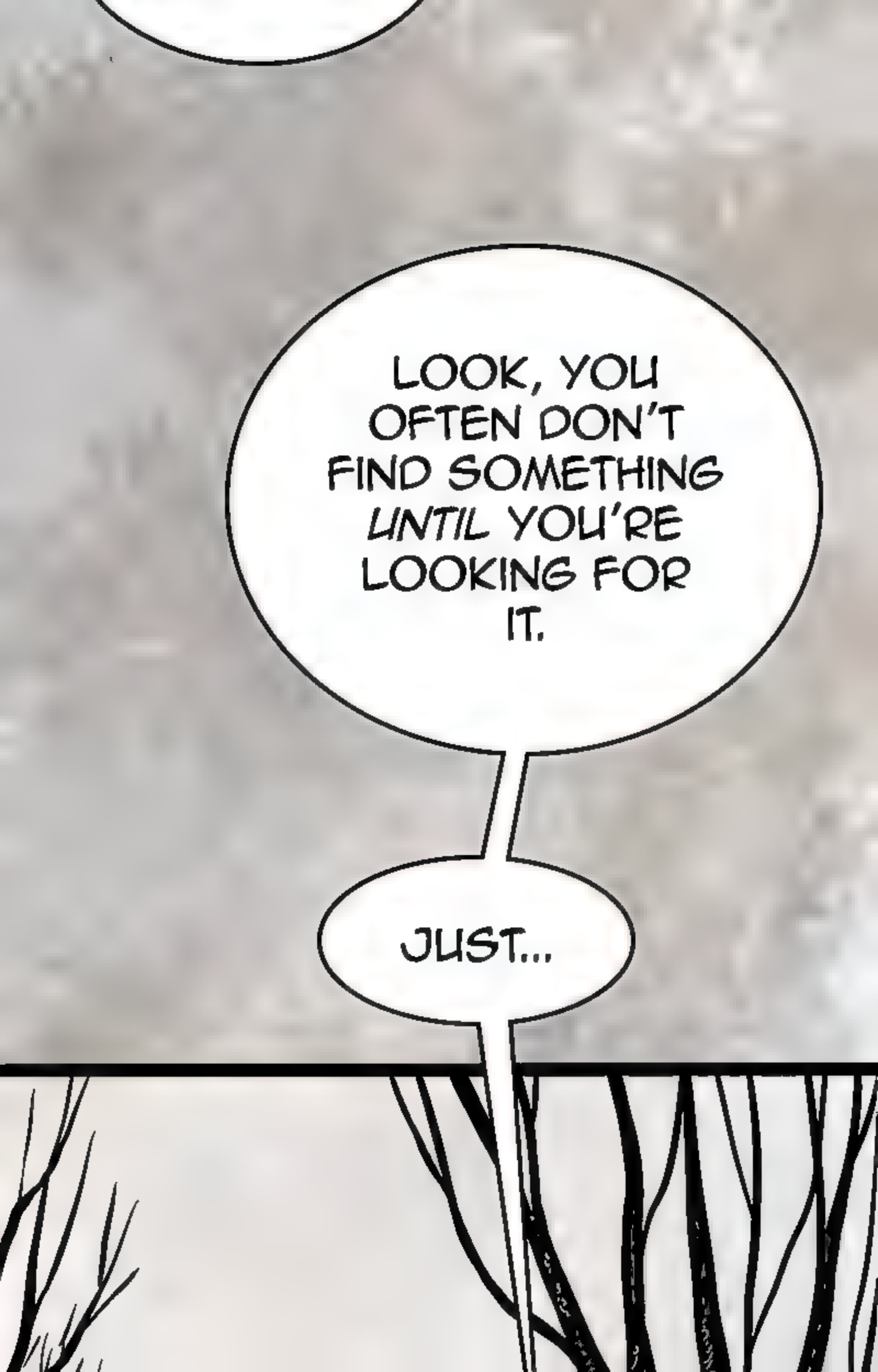
THE CLUE FROM THE EMAIL SAYS TO LOOK FOR NOVA'S FAMILY.
SO...
WHERE DO YOU GO TO FIND A DEAD PERSON'S FAMILY?



WAIT...
THIS IS REALLY
OUR *BEST*
OPTION?

THE CEMETERY?
I'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS PLACE TONS OF TIMES ON WALKS.
NEVER SAW ANYTHING UNUSUAL.


YEAH, THIS SEEMS LIKE A STRETCH.

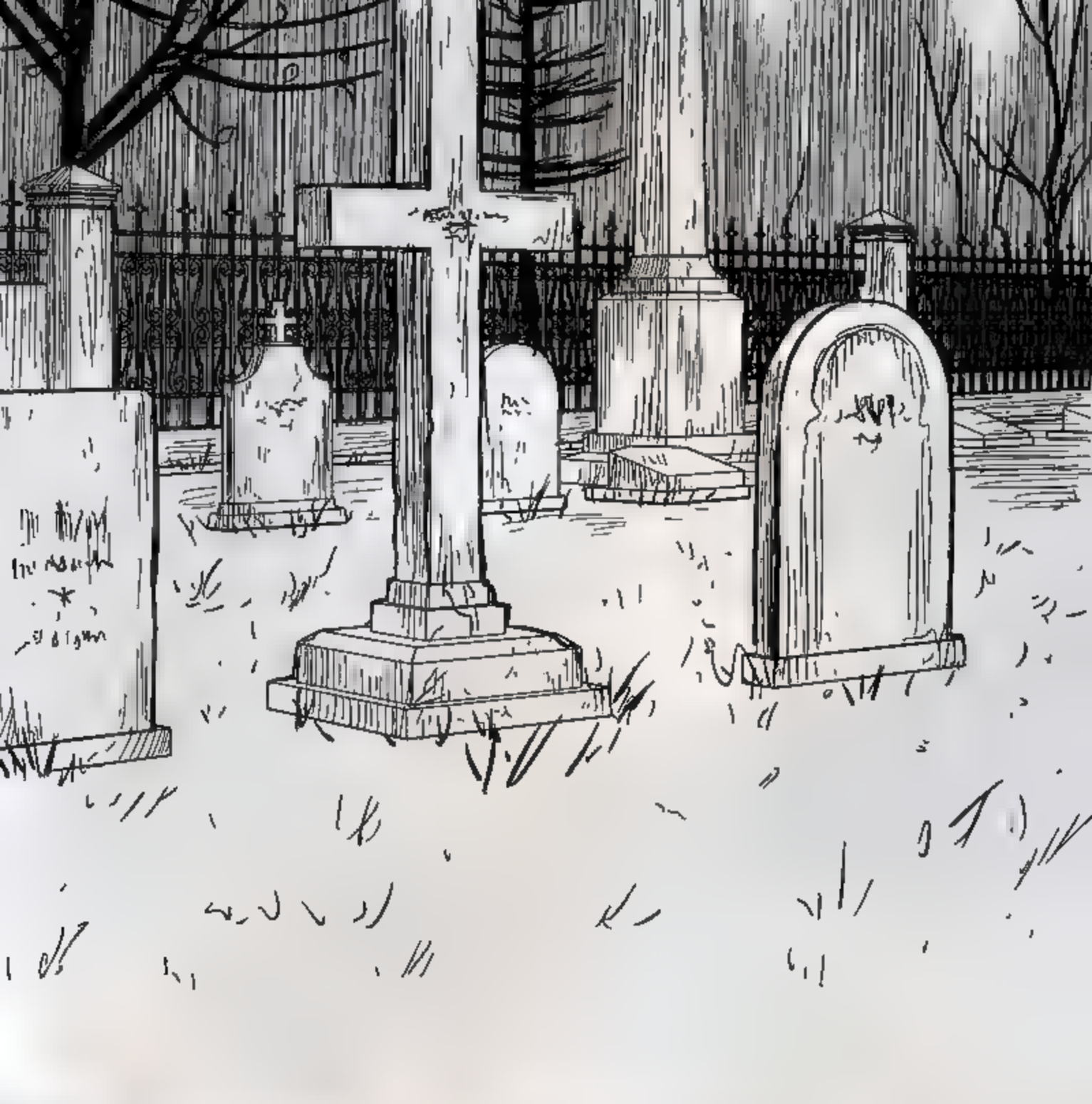

LOOK, YOU OFTEN DON'T FIND SOMETHING *UNTIL* YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IT.
JUST...

...SPREAD OUT AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND. AT *EVERY* LAST THING.

ALL RIGHT...

NOTHING HERE...

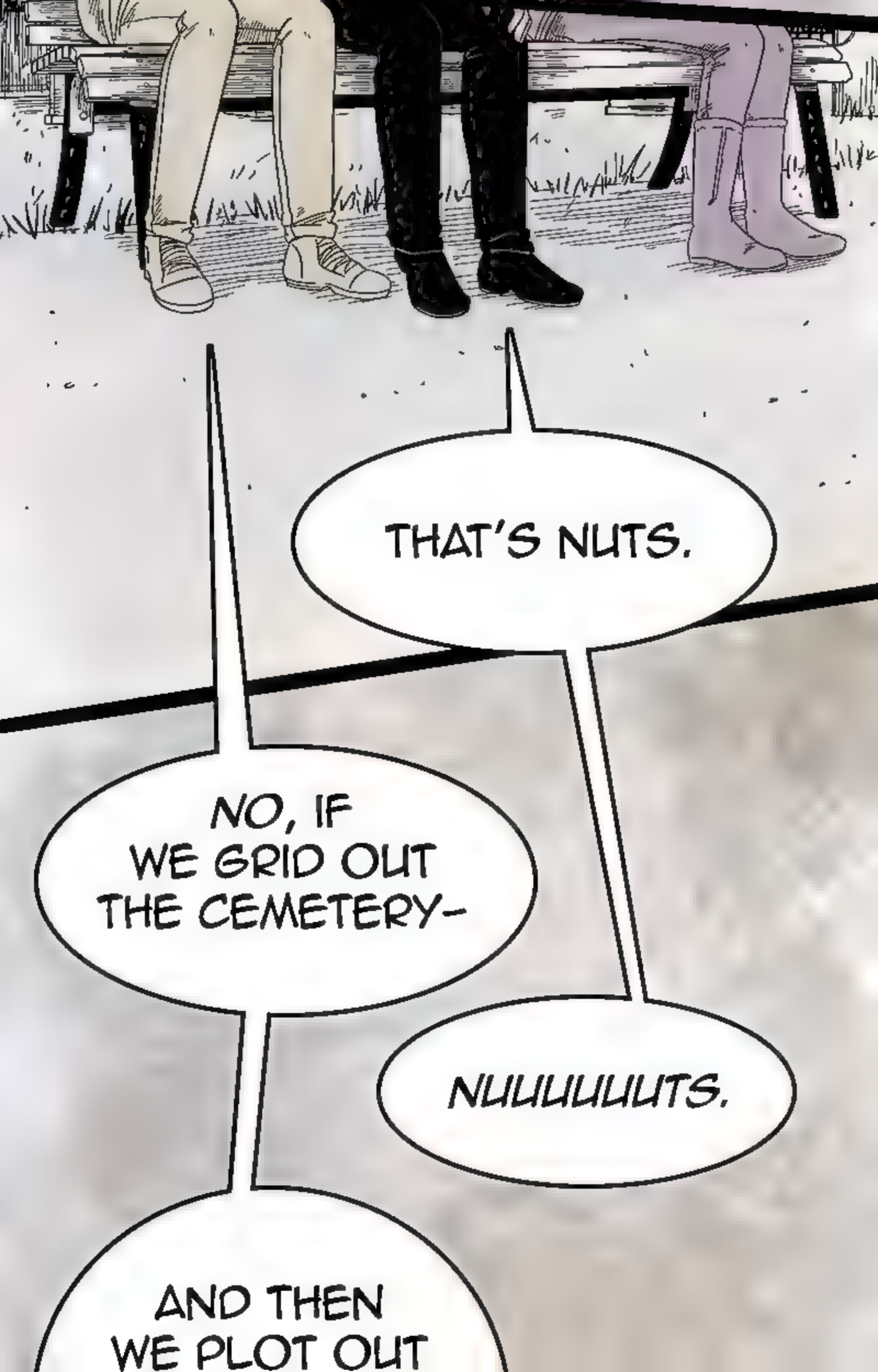
NOPE...



ZILCH.

ABSOLUTE
NOTHING.

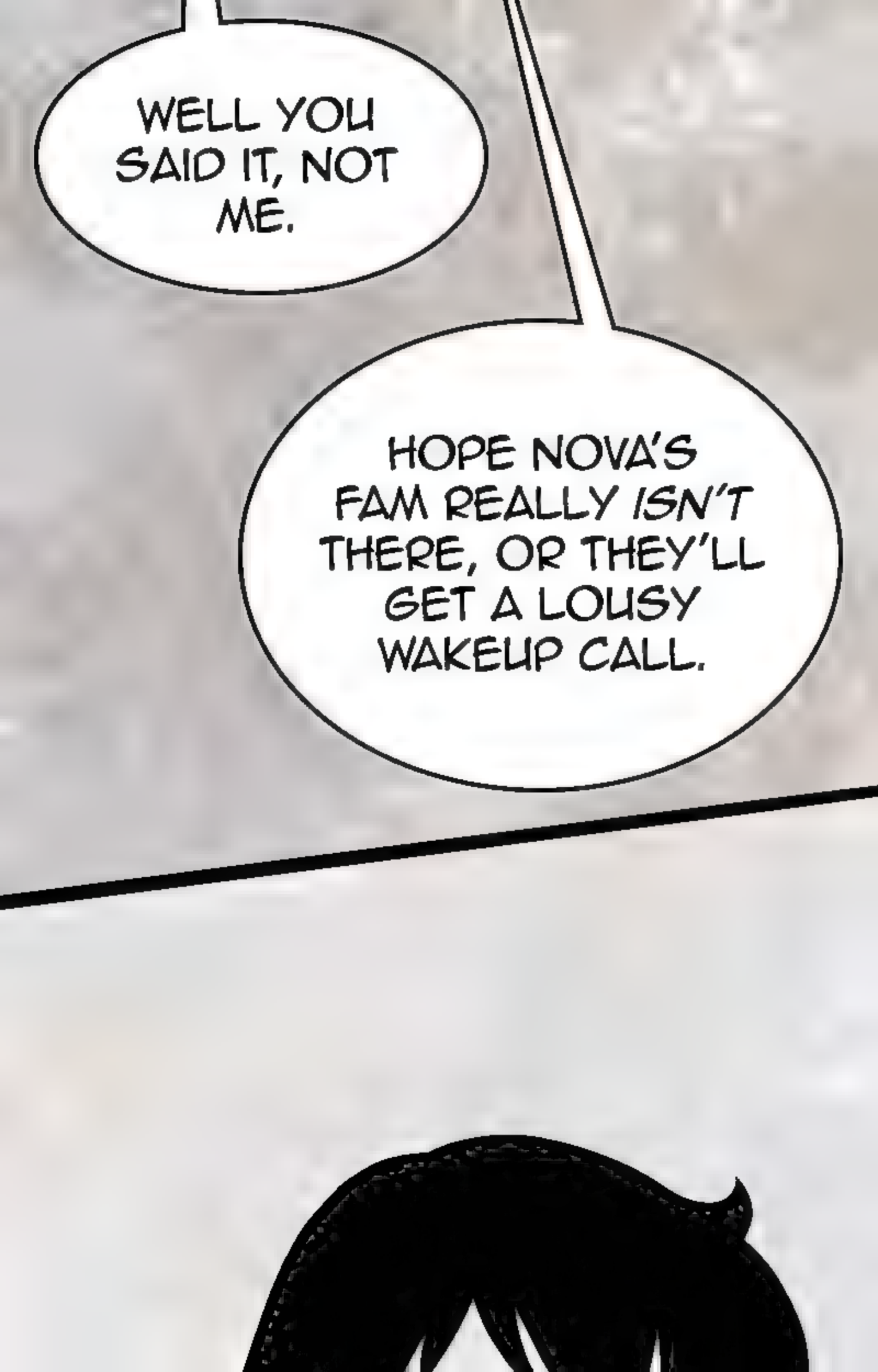
I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S *COORDINATES.*
MAYBE THE NUMBERS FROM THE EMAIL LEAD TO A GRAVESTONE?


THAT'S NUTS.
NO, IF WE GRID OUT THE CEMETERY-
NUUUUUUUTS.
AND THEN WE PLOT OUT

THE NUMBERS LIKE LATITUDE, LONGITUDE-
AND WHAT? THE THIRD NUMBER IS HOW FAR TO DIG *DOWN*? YOU WANNA ROB A GRAVE?

WELL YOU SAID IT, NOT ME.

HOPE NOVA'S FAM REALLY *ISN'T* THERE, OR THEY'LL GET A LOUSY WAKEUP CALL.

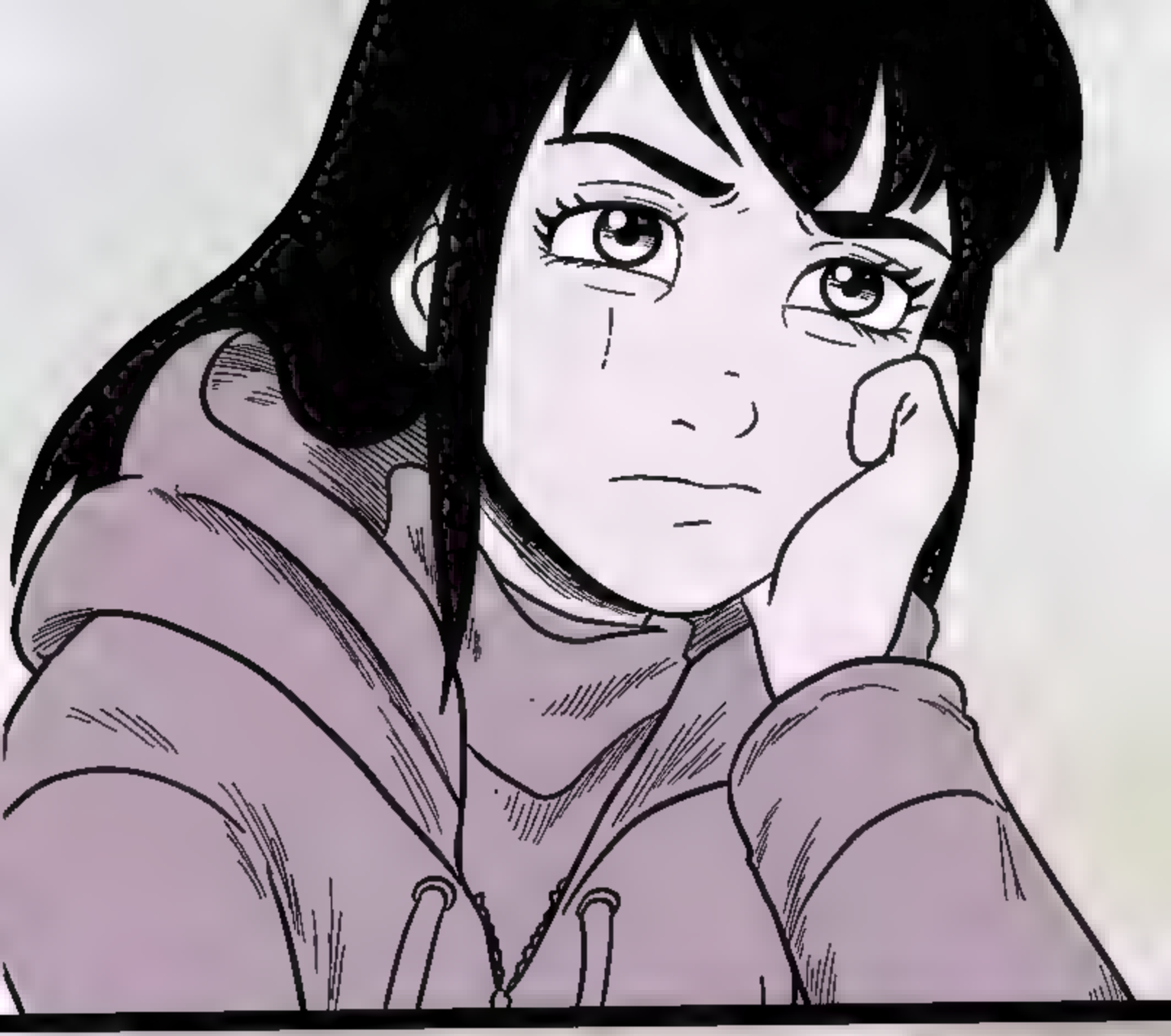


THIS WAS A DUMB IDEA...
YOU SAID IT, NOT ME.

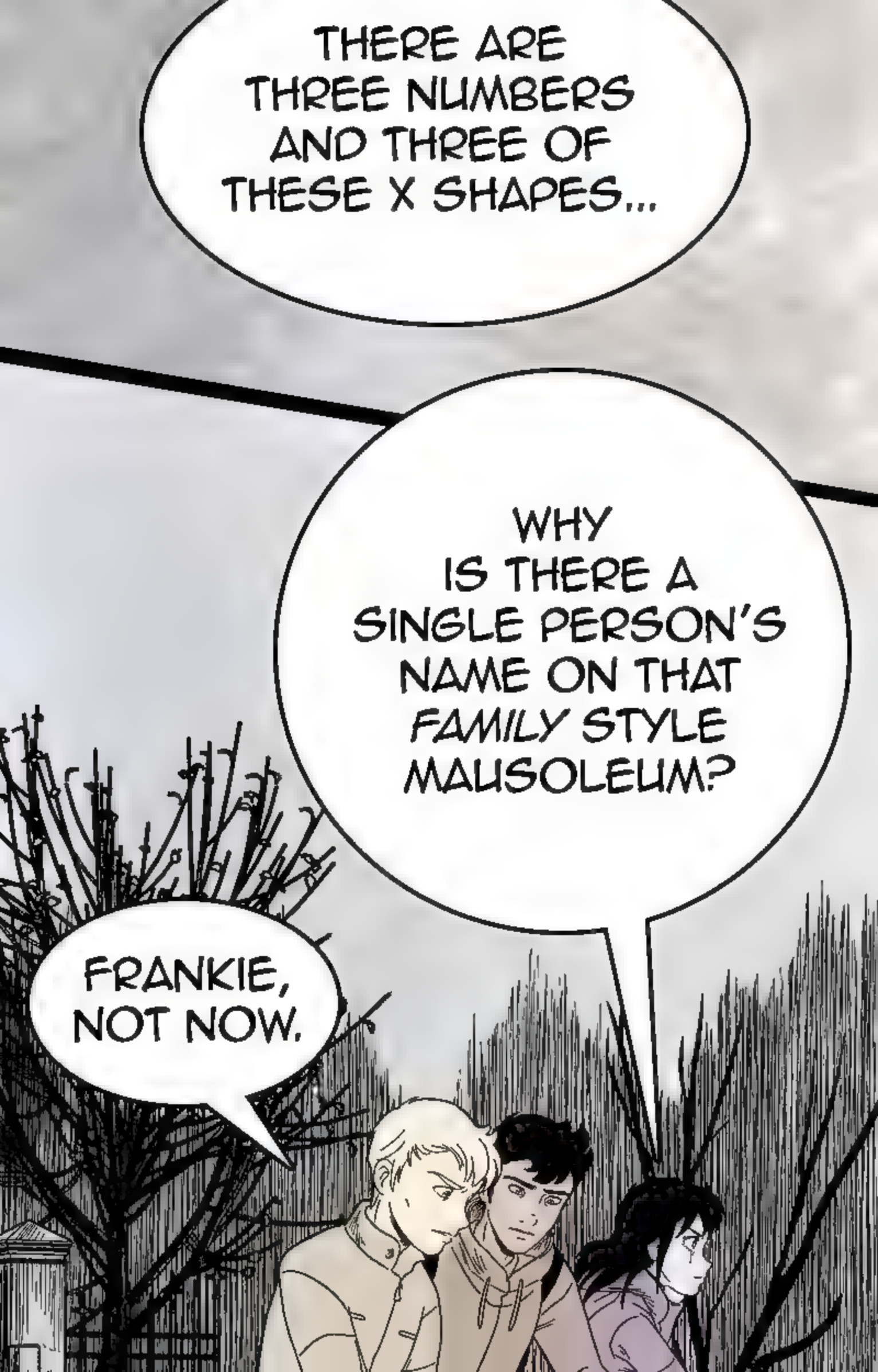
DUDE,
SHUSH.

I STILL THINK IT'S A RIDDLE.
LILLIAN OVARTON

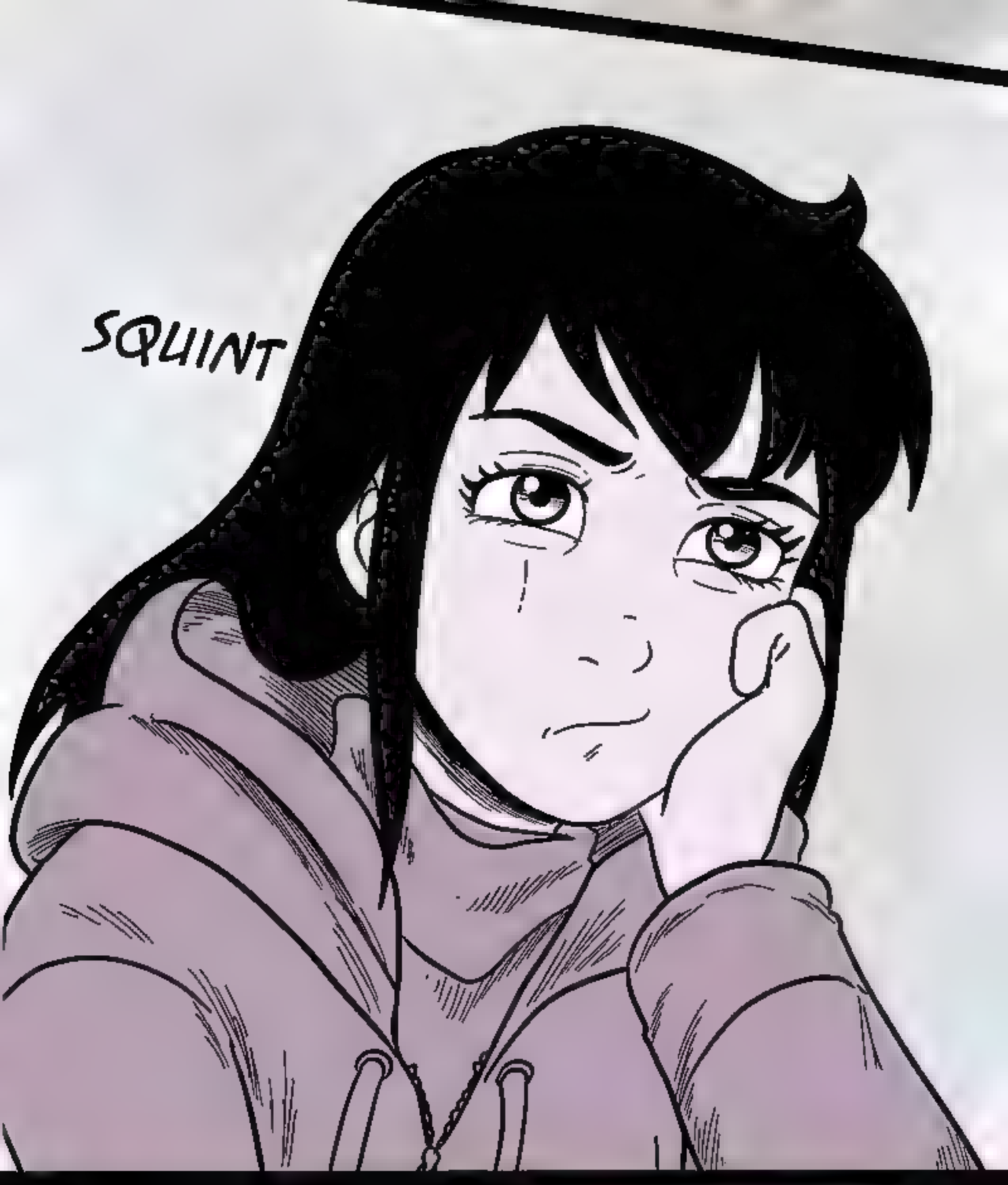
WHERE ISN'T A FAMILY?
IT'S WORD PLAY, LIKE, 'WHEN IS A DOOR A JAR?'



DUDE, LOOK AT THE NUMBERS AGAIN...


THERE ARE THREE NUMBERS AND THREE OF THESE X SHAPES...
WHY IS THERE A SINGLE PERSON'S NAME ON THAT *FAMILY* STYLE MAUSOLEUM?
FRANKIE, NOT NOW.

I THINK WE'RE ONTO SOMETHING.



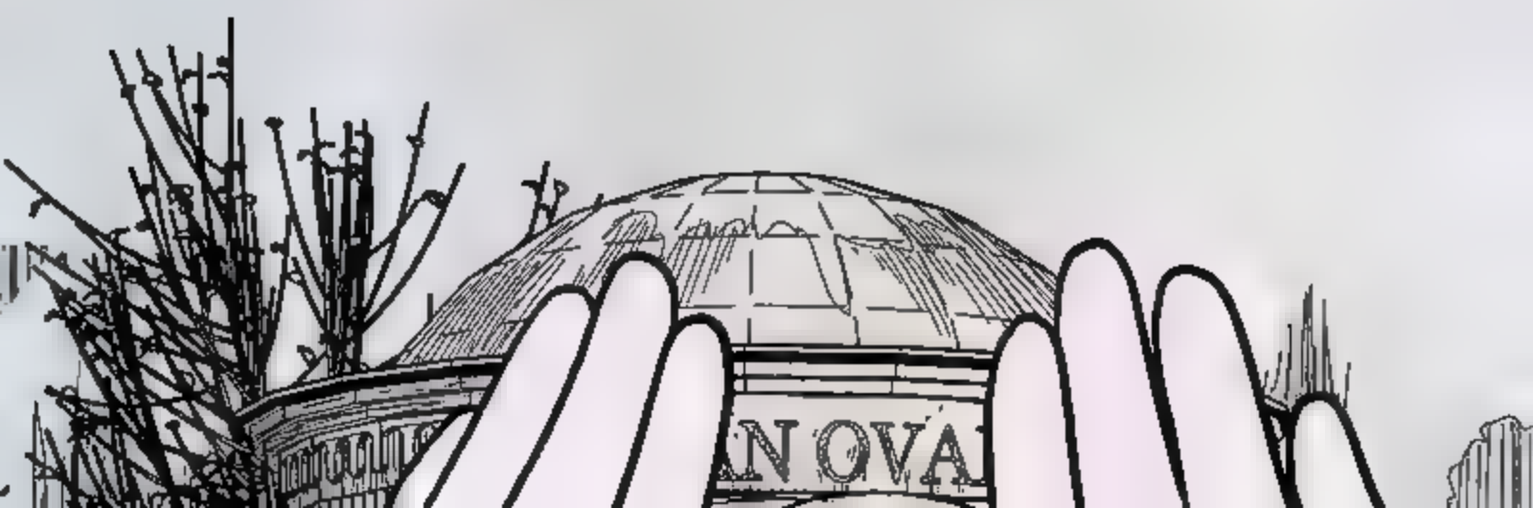

IT'S GOTTA

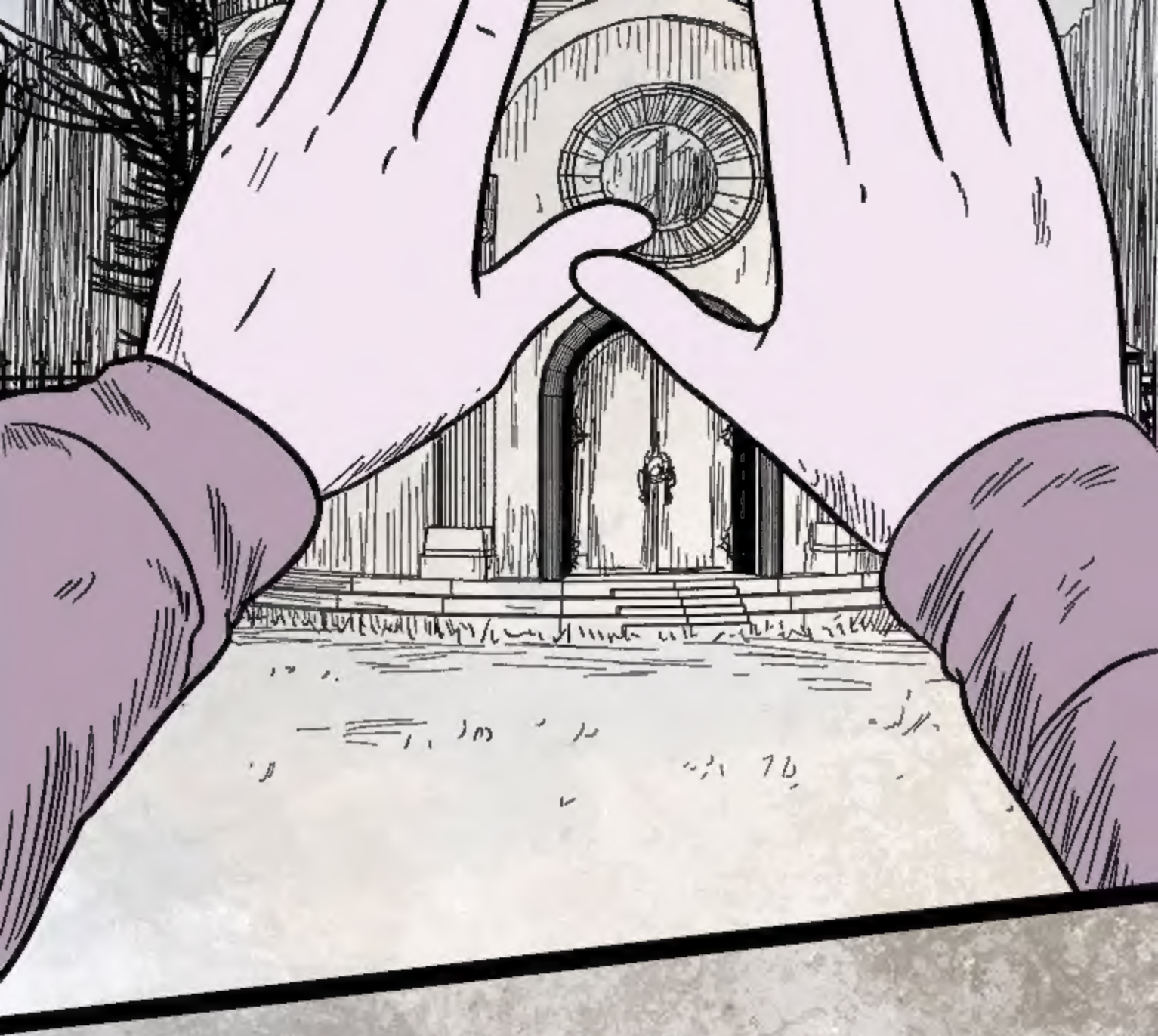
BE SOME KIND OF COORDINATES.

WHAT WE

NEED IS A *MAP*. A MAP OF THE WHOLE CEMETERY.

WHAT, SO YOU CAN FIND ALL THE TOURIST HOTSPOTS?





UH...

GUYS?

N OVA